DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 6

Mission 2 : Team Grieferz

Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 5
Mission 2 – 'Team Grieferz'
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

Copyright 2014 - All Rights Reserved – Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

PREVIOUSLY:

HANDS OFF, BUCKAROO!

"I give up…"

Oh, reader. Good to see you again. I must say, this is a pleasant surprise.

"There's no point, is there?"

Something the matter, Charles?

"Isn't this intro getting kind of stale?"

What about it?

"You do this song and dance every single time. You act surprised to see the reader, even though you invited them over for team and biscuits. You tell them not to touch your diary, even though the reason you invited them was to read your diary. I then get angry, you act like you don't know anything and I often end up with duct tape on my face."

Why would I ever put duct tape on your face?

"I literally have no words for how stupid I think you are right now."

That's because the only time you'll see the words "Dan" and "stupid" in the same sentence is if there's an "is not" between them.

"…"

So then reader, I bet you're wondering how we got to this part of the story.

"YOU INVITE THEM EVERY WEEK! HOW COULD THEY NOT KNOW THE STORY AT THIS POINT!?"

They might have forgotten to order their copy of my new book, "Dan Danger Saves the World 72 – Dan Danger Saves the World again!"

"So according to your books, you've saved the world seventy-two times?"

Well, I've had trouble keeping track, but I assume it's around that number.

"I'll throw you off a cliff in a minute."

Is that any way to treat a hero?

"If that hero has a head the size of the moon, probably."

Ah, you're just jealous.

"Can we just get on with the story?"

Very well, we shall! Ahem.

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Or so we believed.

With a new mission came strange rumors of a ship haunting the waters, destroying any vessel which crossed its path. The rumors were soon revealed to be true, as an assault was launched on the city of Whiteport.

Responding to this threat, we, the bounty hunters, set sail with the help of a plucky adventurer known as Brian. We discovered our foes to be ‘Team Grieferz’, who were responsible for the destruction of countless ships and cities… and for the despawning of Brian’s pet chicken.

It didn’t take long for Team Grieferz to strike whilst we were away, putting an end to nearly every sea worthy vessel. We gave chase to them, only to find ourselves outmatched by their great speed, powerful weapons and Admin-proof shield.

Of course, when I say outmatched, I mean we totally let them win.

“Yeah right.”

Quiet you. Having given them the impression they had won, we managed to pilot our vessel away from the battle… only to somehow end up in unknown waters.

Now trapped, with no clue on how to escape, Charles found a way to contact the Head Admin. He revealed we were parked within The Lost Sea, a terrible place said to be inescapable. We also learned that Team Grieferz themselves had actually managed to escape from here.

Well, if they could do it, so could we.

The Head Admin ordered us to get back as quickly as we could, for Team Grieferz had summoned some sort of giant squid creature to destroy cities. With his helpful words in mind, we set sail immediately, aiming to escape the cursed waters before Team Grieferz caused too much damage.

Deciding the only course of action was to sail, I plotted a course into the distance and we set forth immediately. Of course, we soon began to experience the strange horrors The Lost Sea had waiting for us…

Fog ran rampant throughout the ocean, almost completely blinding us to both our destination and to any threats around us. This proved to be almost fatal, when we came under attack from a giant Sea Serpent. Although we managed to defeat it, the blasted thing took out a great deal of our TNT cannons.

It was around this point that things started taking a turn for the worst. A trip to the pantry revealed our supplies were… missing. There happened to be a giant hole in the wall, which seemed to have swallowed up our food chests. To further challenge us, we began spotting a strange ship on the borders of the fog…

As the ship grew closer and closer, many of the crew began fearing for their lives…

“What are you talking about? You were the one rocking back and forth, crying to yourself and saying everything was going to be okay.”

SILENCE! THAT NEVER HAPPENED!

As the ghost vessel looked to fall upon us, we somehow managed to escape it and the thick veil of fog, stumbling upon an island in the middle of the ocean. There, we found a race of creatures the Head Admin had warned us about.

Giant chickens.

After a tasty meal, we were also reminded that Brian had lost his pet chicken to Team Grieferz. Not wanting him to stay angry at us, we left him on the island and ‘borrowed’ his ship. Don’t worry, we’ll go get him at some point.

“There was a perfectly good brig to lock him in.”

What’s done is done.

With my skills, we were able to locate the exit to The Lost Sea. Charles said it was luck, but I said he’d spend the night in the brig if he tried to lie.

That was when the ghost ship finally caught up to us.

Despite the fears we’d had about facing them, they barely put up a fight. Our TNT cannons blew their ship to pieces, sinking them to the bottom of that accursed sea. We didn’t suffer so much as a scratch, though I still wonder who controlled that boat.

Finally free from The Lost Sea, we made way for Whiteport as quickly as our sails would allow. We arrived to find the city in utter ruin, with the Admins facing off against the seemingly-invincible Team Grieferz.

Despite their immunity to Admin powers, we had one shot at taking them down. As they were preoccupied with fighting, they failed to spot us sailing up behind them and blasting them to smithereens with TNT.

With the day saved, we were just about ready to go home and force the Admins to give us a nice, fat reward…

That was before we found ourselves face to face with the Kraken…

PROLOGUE

To whom it may concern,

It has come to the attention of the Council of Developers that one of the servers attached to our universe is facing a LEVEL 7 THREAT. To those who are unaware of our warning system, a LEVEL 7 THREAT constitutes an entity or entities which are capable of destroying the entire server.

As you might be aware, all threats classified LEVEL 5 OR HIGHER often resort in mass destruction. Early analysis suggests that a fifth of all Minecraft coastal cities have been destroyed, and there has been no fewer than fifty-thousand respawns.

Furthermore, there has already been at least one LEVEL 7 THREAT prior to this incident, which resulted in twelve-thousand respawns and nearly caused the termination of all Admins present on the server.

It is with regret that the Council of Developers informs you, the Head Admin, that your server is currently undergoing a termination review. Should the review return a negative result, then we will have no choice but to cut off all support for your server.

Signed,

Lord Dinnerbone

PART 1

I gotta tell you, I'm pretty sick of the ocean right now.

It's wet and damp, and often tries to despawn you at every possible opportunity. If it isn't a storm, then it's pirates. If it's not pirates, then it's ghost pirates. If it's not ghost pirates, it's giant chickens. And if it isn't any of those things, you can bet your behind it's a giant squid monster.

So you're probably wondering how we're all still walking around. I know what you're thinking. The great and mighty Dan Danger managed to best the evil Kraken with nothing more than a shoe and a stick. And you'd be right for thinking those things…

However, I decided to let him win this one time.

The Kraken fell upon the boat and tore it to pieces in nanoseconds. The other bounty hunters and I barely had enough time to leap into the water, shortly before it ripped the hull to pieces and dragged the remains of our ship to Davy Jones' locker.

It was close, but we managed to escape. We hit the water and attempted to swim away, but found ourselves dragged about by this massive whirlpool created in the Kraken's wake. It was all we could do to keep our heads above the surface, as we were tossed about and thrown all over the place.

And yet, despite all of that, we're still standing. Takes a lot more than that to take down a bounty hunter.

We washed up on the beaches of Whiteport. Lovely place to visit, y'know, when there isn't a giant squid monster trying to destroy the world. After brushing myself down and getting the water out of my ears, I went looking for the others.

Hugo's seen better days and Luckless Larry somehow managed to get a seashell stuck up his nose, but other than that we're all okay. We'd barely had a moment to rest however before the Admins were on the scene.

"Oh my goodness!"

"Look at you!"

"WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN?"

"Relax guys, we're okay," Charles raised his hand, before he realized they weren't actually talking about us but rather, the remains of our ship.

"SUCH A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WOOD!" the Head Admin sniffed, tears in his eyes.

Oh for the love of Notch, they didn't even own the dang thing.

"Nice to see you too," I spat, "now if someone could please let me know how we're supposed to defeat Moby Dick's little brother, that'd be swell."

The Admins stopped crying for a minute and glanced at one another, before the leader turned to me.

"You'd best come inside and dry up by the fire. This is going to be a long conversation."

***

"What do you mean, lord of the ocean!?"

Admin HQ. They'd managed to repair the damage we'd caused on our last visit, replacing the wall of diamonds with a few dirt blocks. Not what I would have chosen, but eh, it works.

"The Kraken is essentially a Minecraft god," the Head Admin explained, "an ancient creature capable of untold destruction. When Minecraft was born, the Kraken was created to control the oceans and to keep the waters calm for sailors."

"That was until Captain Hammer attacked it."

Wait, hold up.

“The Captain Hammer?” Charles wanted to clarify, “The same man who gathered Minecraftia’s fleets and battled the pirate armies?”

“The very same,” the Head Admin nodded, “but the stories you’ve been told are false. Captain Hammer’s fleet wasn’t big enough to take on the pirates. He needed a weapon to turn the tides against his foes…”

“So he sailed across the oceans until he found the lair of the Kraken. He attacked it, angered it and found a way to lure it to the sight of battle, where it proceeded to call a super tsunami and

destroy every ship present.”

“It was around this time Lord Notch decided he couldn’t leave such power unchecked. He created an item to control the Kraken, and sealed it away within The Lost Sea, never to be seen again. At least, not until Team Grieferz stumbled upon it.”

“You managed to defeat Team Grieferz, and we’re beyond grateful. However, they’ve managed to unleash an even greater threat. If we can’t find a way to defeat the Kraken, then our server faces

destruction.”

“The Kraken is little more than a giant fish,” Huge Hugo spat, “why not abandon the ocean and allow it to swim as much as it likes?”

“One way or another, the Kraken will find a way to get to us, no matter how far we travel,” replied the Head Admin, “and besides, there’s a much graver reason as to why we must defeat it.”

A much graver reason?

With a shaking hand, the Head Admin handed a piece of paper to us bounty hunters.

To whom it may concern,

It has come to the attention of the Council of Developers that one of the servers attached to our universe is facing a LEVEL 7 THREAT…

We read through it quickly, growing more concerned with each

passing letter.

“Let me get this straight,” said Charles, “there are other servers out there, not just ours? And on top of that, there’s a council with more power than the Admins?”

“Indeed there is,” the Head Admin nodded once again, “it’s not something everyone knows. Probably best if they didn’t. The fact that there’s a group of people with the ability to control every server’s fate is pretty scary to say the least.”

“I’ll say,” Mance shook his head, “but now you’re saying these people are considering to cut all support off to this server? How bad will that be?”

“Very. Without support from the Council of Developers, we’ll lose all our Admin powers. Without Admin powers, there will be nothing to stop the Griefers, the Hackers and any other rulebreaker who decides to mess around on our server.”

“We bounty hunters used to manage fine without powers,” I noted, “would it really be that bad?”

“You never had to face the nastiest villains back in those days. What would you do if you had to go up against another Dr. Boom?”

Fair point.

“For once, I cannot agree with the decision of the rulemakers,”Valiant Victor muttered, leaving us all speechless at his comment.

“We’ve only got one shot at saving the server. We have to find a way to defeat the Kraken before the Council of Developers make their final decision.”

“And just how do we do that?” spat Luckless Larry, “We’ve got no weapons that could so much as scratch that thing.”

“Maybe not,” the Head Admin noted, “but I think I know of the one item which can save this server.”

Thank goodness for plot convenience!

“A weapon from the era of the Kraken itself. Said to have been wielded by none other than Captain Hammer himself. It’s quite possibly the only thing we can hope to use to fight against the Kraken.”

“Well don’t leave us in suspense,” I chuckled, “just what kind of weapon are we talking here? A super diamond sword? An Admin bow capable of firing ten-million arrows with the pull of a string? Come on, what kind of awesome item will we be searching for?”

“None other than Herobrine’s Trident.”

Say what?

“Back when the world was young, it was Herobrine who was placed in control of the seas and the oceans. It was he who created the Kraken, for who else would create such a mighty beast?”

Makes sense I guess.

“The legends tell of a weapon Herobrine crafted to keep control over the Kraken. After all, he only wanted to destroy nations which weren’t his. Although a very famous artefact, we know almost nothing about it.”

“It was said that during Herobrine’s final days on Minecraft, he hid the trident to protect it from his brother, Notch. It was around this time the god wars started, and Herobrine was soundly defeated by Notch. Yet despite his defeat, he never gave up the location of the trident…”

“So what makes you so sure we’re going to find it?” I asked the Head Admin, to which he grinned at me.

“Why it’s very simple my dear Dan,” the Head Admin chuckled, “for I have one tick up my sleeve that no one else here does.”

His blue eyes blinked. When they opened, they were purple.

“I can cheat at this game.”

“Did you just say game?” Charles asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I SAID NOTHING!” shouted the Head Admin.

“But-“

“NOTHING!”

PART II

Note to self: When this is over, I am never sailing again.

Perhaps it was the fault of Team Grieferz. Maybe it was that ghost ship or sea serpent. Or y'know, it might just be the fact that we were nearly eaten alive by that blasted Kraken monster. Whatever the case, I seem to be developing a slight hatred of the sea.

Or maybe it's just me.

After our meeting at Admin HQ, the Head Admin got us back down to Whiteport to take a ship back onto the ocean. The only ship which had survived the destruction of the city for that matter. The Head Admin's own ship: The Malevolence.

"Seems like a bit of an evil name," I noted as we boarded the ship.

"Nonsense, people everywhere love my ship. They peek at it from the windows and tell their children to hide inside to gather gifts."

"If anything, that just sounds like they're giving you bribes to stay away," Charles noted.

"Seriously?" the Head Admin shook his head, "I can't believe they'd do such a thing. Who wouldn't want to meet me?"

"Yes, who wouldn't want to meet a man with powers capable of destroying the planet, piloting a ship called The Malevolence?"

"… Point taken."

Our banter aside, there was a reason we'd returned to the open waters yet again. As you can probably guess, we were off searching for the one weapon which could hope to defeat the Kraken.

Herobrine's Trident.

"Why did Herobrine choose a trident anyway?" Mance asked, "Why not a sword or a bow or a giant hammer of doom?"

"Tridents are cool," came the simple reply.

So, we've gone from battling griefers to searching for an ancient object which hasn't been seen in thousands of years, in an effort to not only stop the Kraken but also save the server from deletion or whatever it is that Lord Dinnerbone has in store for us.

Gotta say, I'm really not liking how this month has turned out.

The Head Admin claims he has the ability to find the location of the trident, but I'm not too certain. Sure he can cheat at the game, but why had they left it hidden up until this point? Surely if he could find this lost weapon, he'd go looking for immediately.

"There's a simple answer to that," he explained when I questioned him, "and that is that I've been busy."

"Busy?"

"That's right. Busy."

"Busy doing what?"

"Admin things."

"Admin things?"

"Admin things."

On second thought, I totally believe he can find it now.

“Alright then, moving swiftly along,” I spoke, looking over the edge of the ship, “how are we going to find Herobrine’s Trident?”

“Through the magic of cheating.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“Oh it’s very simple,” he assured me, “I’m going to modify the code of the realm itself, allowing me to access all the hidden files and secrets, and thus allowing me to edit everything I need in order to a establish a clear and concise path to the target destination, which I shall create by illuminating the trail taken by the previous visitor to the trident.”

…

“What?”

“I’m going to track Herobrine’s last movements.”

Ooooh, that makes so much more sense.

“And you’re sure that will lead us to the location of the trident?”

“Positive, now get your rear end below deck and be quiet. I need to concentrate here.”

With an annoyed sigh, I did as he said, Charles and Mance following me. At least he respects me a little bit more than he used to. At least he’s not trying to get me arrested for a crime I actually committed.

“So, can we find it?” Luckless Larry asked as we arrived below deck.

“Sounds like he knows what he’s doing,” I nodded, “we’ll just have to wait and see I guess.”

“But who knows how long it will take?” Hugo moaned.

“Patience,” whispered Viktor, “it shall take time, but I believe that the just and true Head Admin will lead us to eternal glory and victory in our quest, no matter how long it-“

“FOUND IT!”

“Bout darn time,” Hugo snarled, as we once again returned to the top of the ship.

“Glad you decided to show,” said the Head Admin, who now had a telescope in his hands, “feast your eyes on what lies ahead.”

And so I did. Already, memories began stirring in the back of my mind. This was eerily similar to the previous temple we’d discovered in The Lost Sea. And whilst I hadn’t actually been inside it, I was fairly certain the interior would look very similar.

“So this is it?” Charles snatched the telescope into his own hands, “The place where we can find Herobrine’s Trident.”

“It sure is,” the Head Admin nodded, “although, there’s a bit of a problem.”

“Problem?” I raised an eyebrow.

“These temples were constructed to keep beings of justice out. Namely, Lord Notch and his servants, the Admins. You guys should be fine, so long as I temporarily disable your powers. Unfortunately, I have no means to do so, and thus am unable to enter the temple.”

“You’re just scared of what’s inside, aren’t you?” I challenged.

“Not at all,” he protested, a fake smile adorning his face, “now get going! Don’t forget to write!”

***

With the Head Admin staying behind to ‘monitor the ship’, it was up to us bounty hunters to find the trident and return before the Kraken caught up to us. Seeing as we couldn’t get the boat any closer, we were forced to take the rowboat.

“And just why aren’t you doing any of the rowing?” Charles asked, huffing and puffing as we went along.

“I’m writing in the diary,” I explained to him, “who else will document our fine adventures?”

“Anyone but you,” Charles huffed, as we drew ever closer to the temple.

The structure itself was half underwater, with an archway which had once served as a gate. We sailed through, readying our weapons in case we came to encounter any of Herobrine’s long lost creations.

“Scared yet?” Charles asked me with a grin, as a blast of cold air fell upon us.

“Course not,” I chattered, “nothing can scare the mighty and power Dan Danger!”

“Boo.”

I proceeded to ~~cry for fifteen minutes~~ smack Charles with my blocky fist. Despite his annoyances however, he did have some good advice to share.

“This looks exactly like the temple back in The Lost Sea,” he explained to me, as we passed several pillars depicting the face of Herobrine. We had to start lighting torches now, for the sunlight held no say here.

“It’s strange they look the same,” I noted, “Obviously they were made by the same person… but why? They stick the Kraken in one and the weapon that can control it in another? Doesn’t make much sense to me.”

“Notch was probably a pretty strange person back in his day.”

And with that, we kept silent, sailing forth through the shadows as we approached what I hoped to be the end of our destination.

There, at the very heart of the temple, was a staircase which looked ready to fall into the water at any moment. At the top was an altar, displaying none other than a golden trident. Herobrine’s Trident.

“There it is,” I yelled, pointing at the object, only for a low rumbling noise to emerge from beneath the waves.

“You idiot,” Charles hissed, as the bounty hunters drew their weapons, “I knew we weren’t alone here.”

“Why do I keep hanging out with you guys?” Luckless Larry moaned, as shapes began to climb out of their watery pits.

Skeletons. With seaweed for hair and wielding weapons too old to identify. Ancient guardians of the temple perhaps? Or maybe adventurers who’d tried their luck at claiming Herobrine’s treasure. Either way, they weren’t happy to see us.

“Dan, get the trident,” Hugo barked, “we’ll keep these things off you.”

I nodded, as the bounty hunters launched their attack. Hugo began by knocking a pair of skeletons to pieces, as behind him Mance and Charles blasted a trio with a flurry of arrows. Luckless Larry seemed to be beating them to pieces with a mace, whilst Valiant Viktor was boring the skeletons to oblivion by reciting ten reasons why they weren’t allowed to be in this temple.

With my brave companions fighting them back, I raced to the top of the crumbling staircase. Already, I could feel the steps beginning to sink back into the water. Hustling my pace, I charged to the summit as fast as I could sprint, as the entire structure began to collapse.

“TIMBER!” Hugo warned, as I reached the top.

The stairs were starting to give way, threatening to pull me and the platform into the waters, never to be seen again. Not really liking this idea, I instead plucked the trident from the altar and began my rush back down.

More than one occasion, my foot threatened to go through the holes in the stone. At one point, I very nearly slipped to my despawning. Yet despite the dangers of the wet floor, I successfully managed to make it back down to the boat, the bounty hunters not far behind, as the staircase and platform began collapsing altogether.

“SAIL!” I commanded, as we rowed and rowed as fast as we possibly could. The skeletons desperately tried to reach us, launching one final attack in an attempt to keep us there with them. They failed after Mance threw Viktor’s book of server rules at them.

“Oh quit you crying,” he barked to the saddened Viktor, “I’ll buy you a new one once we make it back home.”

Upon arriving back at the ship, the Head Admin was slightly less pleased to see us but elated to find the trident on board.

“Oh my baby,” he grinned, taking the weapon and proceeding to kiss it, “it’s so good to see yo- wait a minute, this is the wrong trident!”

“WHAT!?”

“Only kidding,” he chuckled, tossing me the trident, which I proceed to clean thoroughly before touching.

“So now that we’ve got the trident, what do we do?” Charles asked, to which the Head Admin shrugged.

“It didn’t come with an instruction manual?”

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the player who is responsible for every living being on this entire server.

“The stories state that it gives you total control over the Kraken,” he explained, “so I assume we will find a way to unlock its power when the squid monster shows up.”

“How long will that take?” Huge Hugo slammed his fist into his palm, “I’m itching for a fight.”

“Who knows?” the Head Admin shrugged, “It could be hours, days, weeks, months or even years, before that creature decides to return to battle us. We could be waiting here for the rest of our lives without seeing so much as a -”

“IT’S THE KRAKEN!” Luckless Larry screamed.

And sure enough, it was. Coming towards us at an incredible speed for something of that side. Its tentacles poked out of the water, and a big black eye lurked beneath the surface of the waters. Had we found it by chance? Or was it here to stop us using Herobrine’s last weapon?

There was only one way to find out.

“BOUNTY HUNTERS, TO BATTLE!”

PART III

“Bounty hunters, distract the Kraken whilst we figure out how to use this,” the Head Admin ordered my group, as we examined Herobrine’s Trident.

“Fire the TNT cannons and set your arrows alight!” Charles ordered, as he pulled back on the string of his bow and shot forth a burning projectile. Mance copied this motion, whilst the others fired the TNT cannons.

The same strategy we’d used before. Question was if it’d actually work on a creature as powerful as the Kraken.

The answer? No.

The explosives blasted a couple of its slimy tentacles, and the arrows might have done half a heart of damage, but this thing absorbed our attacks like they were nothing. It rushed forward with a new speed, as if planning to topple the ship in one blow.

“PUSH US FORWARD!” Charles shouted to the Head Admin, who called upon a great gust of wind to nudge us slightly out of harm’s way. The Kraken missed us by a hair’s width, though that didn’t stop its tentacles from smacking at the people on deck.

“BACK I SAY!” I stabbed at the beast with the trident, but that did little more than annoy it enough to tear down our sails.

Although we repelled the tentacles, the Kraken was turning around, planning on another attack.

“How’s the work on that trident coming along?” Charles asked.

“Give us a minute,” I shouted back, as my eyes ran along the golden metal. Then, they spotted something I’d missed before. An inscription in Minecraft’s oldest language.

“What does this say?” I asked the Head Admin, who was busy shoving us out of harm’s way again. Without the sail, it was much more difficult to move the ship with magic.

“I’m getting too old for this,” he huffed, before taking the trident from me, “I’m going to need a few minutes to translate this.”

“And yet you claim to speak this language,” I sighed, drawing my sword, “fine, I’ll get you the time you need.”

With the Head Admin reading through his dictionary, he wouldn’t be able to help us dodge the next attack. Luckily, I had a much better idea in mind.

“If I don’t make it back from this, tell my wife and kids I love them!” I shouted to Charles, as I untied one of the ropes on the deck.

“You don’t have a wife and kids,” Charles pointed out.

“Then tell it to some random woman,” I yelled, as I swung from the ship, soared through the air and leaped onto the Kraken’s back. Its reaction was not pleasant. It stopped dead in the water, directing its hundreds of tentacles to remove me by any means necessary. I slashed at any which dared come close, whilst the bounty hunters blasted any that I missed with explosives and arrows.

“Come on you big slimy fish,” I sneered, “come face the wrath of me, Dan Danger, the greatest warrior in the history of Minecraft!”

It was at that point the Kraken slapped me across the face, and I grew furious. How dare he interrupt my glorious moment! I attacked with renewed vigor, swinging my blade as fast as physics would allow it, slowly chipping away at the Kraken’s seemingly endless life bar.

“I THINK I’VE GOT IT!” the Head Admin shouted from the boat, “YES, I’VE GOT IT TRANSLATED!”

He tossed the trident over to me, which I caught with my spare hand. Twisting and twirling my two weapons, I cut each and every tentacle which came close down to size.

“What does it say?” I asked, “Cuz it doesn’t seem to be doing much!”

“It says that the wielder of the trident must be a foe of the Admins.”

What?

“But we’re allies!” I reminded him.

“I know,” he nodded, “which means that we’re pretty much finished.”

No. This couldn’t be the end. Was I to perish here, fighting a Kraken atop its back? Going down in a blaze of glory, cutting up sushi? Although it would make for a pretty good story, I couldn’t

allow things to end like that.

I had an idea.

“So apparently we’re allies,” I yelled back to the Head Admin, “that’s strange, considering I spat in your coffee back at the meeting.”

“YOU WHAT!?”

It was then that I felt it. A buzz from the trident. A vibration. For a second, I even saw a blue glow around it. It was working.

“That’s nothing!” Charles spoke up, “I put salt in the coffee, rather than sugar, and broke all of your pens.”

“THOSE PENS WERE EXPENSIVE!”

It was working. The blue light flickered again. The trident was becoming empowered by every crime we’d committed against the Admins.

“Oh please, you guys are chumps,” Mance chuckled, “I shot two of his Admin buddies and took pictures of the Head Admin whilst he was in the shower.”

“YOU DID WHAT!?”

“I bought those pictures from Mance,” Hugo grinned, “and sold them to Larry for ten times what I paid for them. I then used that money to found the ‘We Hate the Head Admin Association’.”

“WHY!?”

The trident was beginning to shake in my hand now, nearly ready to unleash its power. For every blow I now struck against the Kraken, I could see it getting a little angrier, a little more injured.

“I cannot count the number of times I’ve hit Admins with a frying pan,” Luckless Larry yelled at the top of his lungs.

“MONSTER!”

Just one final boost. That was all we needed. There was only one person left to voice his crimes against the Admins. The one person who’d never commit one.

Valiant Viktor looked left, right and at the floor, as the others turned to look at him. Each bounty hunter hoping he’d have one secret to share with us. One foul act he’d committed against the Admins, rather than help then.

“I-I-I…”

“Not you too Viktor,” the Head Admin moaned.

“I used a roll of Admin toilet paper and never replaced it,” Valiant

Viktor collapsed to his knees, crying, as Herobrine’s Trident turned a bright blue.

“HOW COULD YOU!?” screamed the Head Admin, as I raised the trident above my head and called upon a burst of lightning.

“Kraken!” I bellowed, with a voice that shook the world, “In the name of the bounty hunters and the Admins, I hereby strike you down!”

I stabbed the weapon downwards, as a flash of lightning erupted in my vision, turning everything dark…

EPILOGUE

And so, that's how I saved the world.

Now I know what you're wondering: What happened to the Kraken? Relax, it's been taken care of. You see, Herobrine's Trident was meant to control, not despawn. The Kraken is now under my command, and I've ordered him to start rebuilding the cities he destroyed with his slimy tentacles.

"I can't believe the Head Admin is letting you control him," Charles shook his head.

And if Charles ever annoys me, I just send the giant squid after him to keep him quiet.

Minecraft is rebuilding from the damage it suffered. Boats are sailing the seas once more, and the members of Team Grieferz have been imprisoned, never to see the light of day again. All in all, things are pretty good.

At least, that's what I would have said, if the Head Admin hadn't paid me a visit last night.

He's been away these past few weeks, speaking with the Council of Developers. He's trying to resolve matters with them, and to make sure our server continues to receive support.

He came to me yesterday, looking incredibly tired and carrying a letter.

"It's for you," he explained, "the Council of Developers want to speak to you."

"What for?" I asked, as my eyes scanned the letter in horror.

"To determine whether or not they'll terminate the server."

NEXT TIME:

ALL HAIL DINNERBONE!

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant have saved the world more times than we can count, but can they protect it from its creators?

Both Dr. Boom and the Kraken have been defeated, but now the bounty hunters face a new threat. Lord Dinnerbone has decreed that their server is a threat, and has plans to terminate it for good.

But when an enemy is revealed that has the power to defeat Lord Dinnerbone himself, can Dan and Charles prove their worth to save their server?

Make sure you pick up your copy of ‘Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 7’, which starts the third epic trilogy of this series.